MARINE STORIES.

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JOE LATTIT'S DUEL.

By WILLIAM F. FROST.

While the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to

work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense to it. The moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had travelled through England, France, and a part of Spain with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bread room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our number. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the Spaniard; but he did not notice, when he sat down, how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something

more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, but before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oath and invective, partly in Spanish, arid partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

" Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful- very beautiful for a gentleman."

"Ah! you call me no genteelman, eh? uttered the officer, in a towering passion.

" If I were going to call you, I should call you a jackass!" calmly and contemptuously uttered Joe.

"Aha a-ah!" half growled the Spaniard, rolling his black eyes wildly and furiously. " Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am genteelman! But you—you—one leetle cursed puppy! Ah-a-a-ah! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. The keeper of the cafe called me one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most notorious duellists in the place,—that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

" Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, " four

of his fellow officers left him, because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once, from his very manner, that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir,—a citizen of the United States, and general of the order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe, pompously, turning to the Spaniard. " Your name, sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of Infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend."

"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics, down here." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled a very bitter, sarcastic smile, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he still felt the knives some where in the region of the diaphragm, " you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own! If you are a gentleman you will wait here."

Joe turned to us mid bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! O, cries!" cried the keeper, " where be mine knifes?"

" I'll pay you for 'em when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives— one from his bosom, and the other from his sleeve— and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it, with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

" I shall know that," he said, unless it is battered against your bones."

" Now select your pistol," said Joe.

The man took them both and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and then the combatants

took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun of this.

" Count!" cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

" One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a bullet from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

" You can use it next time!" said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the same one he had seen put into the pistol, and now he had seen his foe man take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

" Come," cried Joe, " let's load again!"

"San Pablo!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—what you call him—some trick, eh? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself!"

" Do so," said Joe, calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it into the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball which he had used before. Meanwhile, Joe had been loading his own pistol.

" One moment," uttered Joe, reaching out his hand. " The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss into the air, catching it adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard. I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way ,—and yet he had changed pistols with his foe!

" Now," said he, " I'll put a ball into my pistol, and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in, which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth!"

Again they took their stations, and again they were ready.

" One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same bullet from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist! The fellow was completely dumbfounded, and so were the rest.

" You no fire at me! gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you the next time!" said Joe, in a tone of thunder. " Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me, with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live

long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward), at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a Spanish captain of infantry, and I'll send you along! Come, load up again!"

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving- knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol-balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with, While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half a dozen good- sized stones, and sent them after the bullets!

" Holy Santa Marie!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. " What a man! By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he thus spoke he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat sleeves. When we returned to the cafe, he approached the keeper.

" You want your knives," he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear, and pulled one of the long knives out. Then from the left ear he drew the other one! The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we finished our wine, and having paid for it, we turned to go.

" Here," said Joe, " I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet," and

as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.

" No! no! no!" shrieked the poor fellow. "O, criez! don't leave your money here,— don't!"

Joe picked it up, and went away, laughing. When we were alone, he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use who perform tricks of catching balls, etc. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer, was, in fact, a second barrel,—to be sure smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol,—and with this secret barrel the priming-tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and balls, and no harm could be done. When Joe first returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other loading was for nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar would have never got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge, which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while we remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

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JACK'S PROPHECY.

By WILLIAM MELVILLE.

The old "Flyaway," a ship of some eight hundred tons, lay at Trieste, where she had put in for a load of oil, almonds, and wine. The captain, whose name was Lot Sanders, was a good seaman, but quick in his temper, and revengeful in his disposition; and since we had left the States, quite a number of the younger portion of the crew had been flogged for one thing and another, but in most cases for "insubordination "—said insubordination being insolence to the captain; and in every case, I believe, this insolence had been the result of the captain's inordinate passion and harshness.

Jack Provost and myself were walking up and down the larboard side of the waist on the second afternoon of our arrival at Trieste. Our ship had a small topgallant forecastle, and beneath lay a young sailor in irons. His name was Ben Greene. He was not over twenty years of age, and one of the best-hearted, truest men on board. When the ship was coming in, he and the captain had a "spat." Ben was stationed at the foretop sail halyards by the first mate, and told not to leave until the yard was down. The captain saw him there and ordered him to go and stand by the main-brace.

" I'm stationed here," returned Ben, meaning no harm, and thinking none.

"O—you are, eh?—now go!"

And he gave the youth a kick as he spoke.In a moment of pain and rage poor Ben uttered:

" You're a brute!"

At that instant, the pilot ordered the courses to be cleared up, and the captain smothered his vengeance. But as soon as the anchors were down, he ordered the mates to put Ben in double irons. " And," said he, in conclusion, " well give him just the sweetest taste of the cat-o'- nine tails when he comes out that he ever dreamed of!"

So Ben had been put in irons, and there he lay. We knew that the captain would keep his promise, for he was a man whom persuasion never moved.

" It's too bad!" said Jack, looking first upon Ben, stowed away on a couple of gratings, and then looking upon me.

"So it is," I returned, " and if any exertions on my part could help the poor fellow, I'd make it. But Captain Sanders is not the man to be turned from his purpose. If he has said he'll flog Ben Greene, then Ben may consider himself doomed."

"I know," responded Jack, thoughtfully," but I've been thinking of something."

" Eh?

" Yes," he said. " You know Sanders is very superstitious."

" Most men of his character are," I replied.

" But he is more so than any man I ever saw before," Jack resumed, in a low tone. "He would sooner go without his grog for a whole year than to have a storm-petrel killed by a man on board his ship! No power could induce him to go to sea on a day when the moon could be seen while the sun was up. I know him well, and I think if I could get on shore this afternoon, while the captain is there, I could prevent Ben's flogging."

As soon as Jack had whispered to me somewhat of his plan, I went at once to the mate and told him that I wished Jack Provost to go on shore with me. He hesitated a moment, and hen gave me permission to take him along.

Jack had been in Trieste twice before with Sanders, and be knew all his haunts. Our first movement was to the shop of an old Jew, who kept masquerade costumes of every style, shade, cut and finish—from the full dress of a Mogul grandee to the habit of an Indian peasant. Jack selected a pair of deep blue Turkish trowsers, which buckled about the ankle with a plated band; a robe of purple silk mysteriously figured over with all sorts of cabalistic characters done with silver thread; then he selected a wig of flowing white hair, with an enormous beard to match; and having procured some water-colors, he made me lay on a few false wrinkles and odd veins. Next came a hat with a tall crown, like a pyramid, figured with silver, and a rim very wide and stiff. After all this, he stepped into a pair of wooden shoes—and his disguise was complete.

Most assuredly I should not have known Jack Provost under that guise, nor would his own mother have dreamed that he was her son.

" You must disguise, so as to go and see the sport' said Jack.

I quickly consented, for I did not want the captain to know his supercargo that afternoon. I selected a peasant's dress; browned my skin with umber : put on false hair and beard, and was ready. Jack borrowed a very large parchment book, written in Hebrew characters, and a globe of the heavens, and thus accoutred, we set out, leaving our own clothes and ten dollars as pledges for our safe return.

We found Captain Sanders at the cafe , where Jack said we should, and, very fortunately, he was at a small table alone, with a glass in his band. Jack walked slowly and totteringly towards him, and sat down upon the opposite side of the same table, and having rested the end of his huge book upon the marble top, he opened the volume, being careful to hold it so that Sanders could look into it. The captain did look into it, and when he saw the strange characters there, he was puzzled. The old astrologer—for so we must call Jack—bowed his head upon his hand, and at the end of some moments, he started up and uttered:

Americano! America's son is here!" speaking in a most mystical idiom. In a moment more, he fastened his eyes upon Sanders, and added: " Pardon! I felt your presence!"

" Did you?" whispered Sanders, showing by his every look that he was deeply moved.

"Yes—I was reading the stars, and I came to the fourteenth day of the year's first month, and I saw a new star flash forth. That was the day of your nativity!"

(Jack knew-that the captain was born on the fourteenth day of January).

Sanders was astounded, and his lips trembled.

" Yours has been a dark, tempestuous life!" resumed the astrologer, solemnly, closing his book, and turning the globe upon its axis. " Two fair children lie buried in your native land. A wife now—"

" What?" grasped the captain, turning deadly pale, and trembling.

" She waits for you, and prays?

Sanders breathed more freely.

" Shall I tell you more?

" No—ye—yes!"

" All is not dark—-you have seen much joy. But a cloud comes—a most strange and curious one. I can read it not from this," setting the globe aside, and taking up the book.

" What is it?" whispered Sanders, while Jack pored over the strange book in silence.

" This is passing all belief," uttered the astrologer to himself, still reading from the cabalistic characters of his book. "There is torture —but 't is not for him! 'T is for another—and yet he dies! Wonderful!"

And thus speaking, the strange man gazed fixedly into the captain's face.

" What is it? hoarsely whispered the anxious, superstitious man.

" You are commander of a ship? said the astrologer.

"Yes."

"Is there any one suffering there?

"No!"

" Then there will be. 'I will not be you—and yet you will be the victim, for so 'tis written!"

" But tell me all! What do you see? What do you read?

" Thus I read," answered the astrologer, in a voice that seemed to come from the vaults beneath the house: " There shall be the sound of woe and wailing, as of one in distress. A lash shall make sharp music in the air, and the waiting flesh shall quiver when it receives the stroke. The blows fall thick and heavy, and the suffering one shall bow in shame and grief. His pain of flesh will not equal his pain of soul. But yet I read that you are not that sufferer—and yet, suck shall be the scene, when you die! That - I is what I hold so wondrous strange! And yet my record never yet deceived me. Surely, sir, you must he connected with this in some way!"

" With what? How?" gasped the captain.

" With this scene I have described, jl see the bared flesh—the lash—the wound—the oozing blood! I hear the wail and the groan! And your death is there! Ton must read the rest, for the heavens tell me no more!"

" But wait—one moment! Answer me one question I" cried Sanders, now the very picture of terror. " Shall I die soon?"

" It is not so set down. You may live long for all that I can tell, for this dread scene I have found is not fixed,—it only appears as a cloud which threatens you. But be sure of this: When you see what I have described, then know your hour draws nigh, and then you must pray!"

Thus speaking, the strange man left the cafe, and I followed him. In due time we reached the Jew's, exchanged our clothes, washed our hands and faces, paid two dollars for the use of the disguises, and before dark were on board.

On the next morning, Captain Sanders came off, and his first order was that Ben Greene should be set at liberty.

" Will you flog him? asked the mate.

"No, sir!" whispered the captain, with a fearful shudder. " And mind you," he added, in a quicker tone, " let not a man be struck on board this ship without my orders!"

The men wondered much at this—all but Jack and myself. But the captain did not disappoint us. From that time forth no revengeful blow was struck on board our ship. He never knew how he had been deceived, and we meant that he never should, for many a poor sailor's back has been saved by Jack's Prophecy, and the captain's superstitious belief in its truth.

THE YARN OF THE WATCH.

By EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

Eight bells had struck on board the ship Almeda. The watch had been relieved, and as all sail was set, and there was every appearance of pleasant weather for the next four hours, at least, the men comprising the starboard watch,' all gathered round one of their number, an old gray-headed salt, and urged him to spin them a yarn. The old sailor took a long look to windward, then helping himself to a huge chew of tobacco, seated himself on the forecastle deck, and began as follows:

" Well, shipmates, seein' as how you want a yarn, and have pitched on me to reel it off for you, I s'pose I can't ref us b, though it's a little out of my latitude. So, if you like, I'll give you a few scraps from my log-book, as nigh as I can remember. But the second mate is coming forward, and I guess there's work to be done; so I'll wait till we see what he wants."

The officer came forward and glanced at the head-sails, ordered a small pull at the flying-jib halyards, then went aft again—merely remarking to the man on the lookout, to " keep a good lookout ahead, there."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

Old Bill again seated himself, and began as follows:

" Well, do you see, I was at one time one of the crew of the ship Argonaut, of and from Boston, bound on a voyage round the world. We were to stop at San Francisco to discharge oar cargo, which consisted of most every kind of merchandize useful in that market, from dry goods to stage coaches; then proceed to China, take in a cargo of tea, and return home by way of Cape Good Hope.

"The Argonaut was a new craft, this being her first voyage, and proved to be a remarkably crank ship, which was a source of great annoyance to the old skipper, for when the wind was abeam, he couldn't crack sail enough on her to suit his fancy, without danger of upsetting her. Howsomever, she was a fast sailor, and when we were eighteen days out, we had overhauled and run away from everything in our track, including some of the crack ships from New York. The skipper had begun to think by this time that there wasn't another craft afloat that could sail with her before the wind, and calculated on about an eighty days'

passage to California. But the next morning, when we were washing down decks, we sees a large clipper ship right astern of us, standing on the same tack, and overhauling us rapidly. The wind was very light, and what little there was, was dead aft. We had studding-sails set below and aloft, on both sides, and every stitch of canvass that could be carried to advantage, was set, and we were not making more than two or three knots at that; but she gained upon us every minute.

" The captain didn't, think strange of this at first, for he reckoned the stranger had got a better breeze than we had; but as she came nearer to us, the old man swore enough to sink the whole ship's crew to the bottom of the ocean. We set taut on all the halyards, and hauled home on the sheets, and everything that could be done, was done, to make the Argonaut sail, but it wasn't no use; the stranger come right upon our starboard quarter, and hailed us.

" She proved to be the Sea Witch, of Baltimore, bound to California, and was then only eleven days out from New York, while we were nineteen days out from Boston, and had all the breeze we could stagger under until that morning. She kept alongside of us a few minutes, till our captain had got the latest news from home, then walked away from us as easy as if we'd been lying at anchor, and the last I see of her was at two bells in the afternoon watch, hull down ahead of us.

" Well, this made the skipper awful cross for a good while; for he hadn't calculated to be outsailed by anything the, whole voyage round, and here he was beaten handsomely at nineteen days out; He declared that If it wasn't for being superstitious, he should think the ship was really a sea witch, under the special patronage of old Neptune.

" Well, we had a fine run down to the cape, and passed several clipper ships, but found, nothing that could hold their own with us, excepting the Sea Witch. We had a fair wind all the time until we were within fifty miles of the cape; but our good luck wasn't always going to last. One day in the afternoon watch, it became suddenly calm, which is something so unusual for these latitudes, that I knew we would have to catch it before long. I was standing at the weather rail, looking to windward, when the captain came along, and says he, 'We'll smell Cape Horn tonight, Bill, or

I'm no sailor.' I turned round to see who he was speaking to, for I thought it couldn't be me, it was something so uncommon for him to speak to a foremast hand, unless it was to curse his eyes,' when I see in a minute that the old man was half-seas over in more ways than one, for he was one of that kind of skippers who never drink anything, but pour it down; and, as little Ned Frost used to say, he thought he made such a rum-cask of himself, he'd float if he should happen to fall overboard.

" When I seed the condition he was in, I bid good-by to all hopes of any comfort till after we got clear of Cape Horn; for in all probability he wouldn't be sober again as long as we had bad weather. He always made it a rule, which I never knew him to break, to get drunk on the first appearance of dirty weather, and keep so till it got through blowing. Then look out for falling spars, for the way he'd carry sail on her was a caution to sober men. Well, sure enough, we did smell Cape Horn that night in earnest. The gale began in the dog-watch, and for forty- five days it blew a regular Cape Horn snorter, right in our teeth, with hardly an hour's cessation, and in the whole time we didn't make a mile on our course. The ship stood it well for a few days, considering that there was a press of canvass on her all the time; for the skipper swore he would drive the masts out of her before he would take in a rag of it; and carried studding-sails on her when he ought to have been under close-reefed topsails. But nothing of any consequence was carried away, except studding-sail booms.

" One afternoon I was standing just forward of the fore-rigging, when the fore topmast studding sail-boom went in two, and the outer end of it came in-board, carrying away the rim of my tarpaulin, and making a hole clean through the deck. The skipper came forward to order another boom rigged out, but when he was just abreast the fore rigging, she pitched her bows dean under' water, and the sea swept her decks fore and aft, and washed all hands clean back to the quarter-deck. The captain picked himself up, and started once more to go forward, when she went under again, and washed him clean to the taffrail. He'd been a goner this time, but the end of the mizzen royal dew line happened to be off from the belaying-pin, and the old sinner caught hold of that just in time to save him from going overboard. This sobered him a little, and he ordered the studding sails taken off from her, and the topsails reefed. The reef

tackles were hauled out, and all the men were laying aloft to reef sail, when a sea struck her ^broadside, and stove her weather bulwarks into kindling wood, quicker than you can think.

"After that the old man was a little more careful about carrying sail for a while, but a few days after the weather moderated, so that we shook the reefs out of the topsails, and set the top-gallant sails. But it soon began to blow again bad as ever, and while we were furling the foretop-gallant sails, little Phil Low, a youngster who had shipped as ordinary seaman, was on the weather yard-arm with me, when the sail flapped back over our heads, and knocked Phil tiff the yard. He struck on the fore yard, and rolled off into the sea. The ship was put about as soon as possible—but it was no easy job, for there was a nasty, sea running—and the quarter-boat lowered; but it swamped before it got its length from the ship, and all hands came near being drowned. Life-preservers and hen-coops, and everything handy that would float were thrown overboard in hopes that Phil might get hold of one of them, and keep up till we could take him off. We lay about there for an hour or two, but seeing nothing of him after he first touched the water, we finally gave him tip as lost, and the ship was again headed on her course. Phil was a good swimmer, but we supposed he must have been hurt when he struck the fore yard, so as to disable him. Nothing of any account happened after this during the passage to California. We had a tedious passage, and instead of eighty, were one hundred and forty-five days on the route.

" When our pilot came aboard, the first question we asked him was, if the Sea Witch had left there. He said there had been no such ship in that port that year. "We were all taken aback at this, for we supposed from her great speed that she must .have got in and gone out again before this time.

" We come to anchor in the bay that night, and the next morning hauled up alongside the wharf. We had just got all fast, and the decks cleared up, when we sees a big ship coming up i the harbor, in tow of a steamer. She hauled up to the next wharf with us, and a pretty-looking mess she was, too. Her foremast was gone close to the deck, her bowsprit carried away chock to the knight-heads, and her starboard bulwarks were gone. So I goes over to see what craft it was that was used up so, and come to

find out It was the same Sea Witch that had given us the go-by so handsomely. She had a good run down to the cape, when she. took a heavy gale, but instead of lying-to, the captain piled on the rags, and swore he'd drive her round. But the very first night, he, run foul of a Spanish schooner that was hovq-to, and sunk her with all hands on board. The Sea Witch was very much damaged, and leaked badly; but the skipper called all hands aft, and told them they could have their choice, either to let her sink, or take her up to San Francisco, for he was bound not to put into any port this side of there.

" While I was looking about her decks, who should I see come up from the forecastle, but Phil Low, the chap we supposed was lost off the cape." Here Bill was interrupted in the yarn by the Second mate. The wind was hauling a beam.

" Haul in the lee fore brace," was the order given.

"Ay, ay, sir," was quickly responded, as the willing tars sprang to the work.

The yards were soon braced up) and the watch again seated on the forecastle-deck to listen to the remainder of Bill's yarn. Stowing away a fresh quid in his capacious mouth, he begun :

"Well, shipmates, I don't exactly recollect when I was cruising where I left off, but I believe it was where I see Phil Low coming up out of the Sea Witch's forecastle. I thought it was either his ghost, or else I was very much mistaken. Any way, I couldn't believe it was him, because I see him go overboard off the Horn; but shiver my timbers if he didn't steer right up to me, and hail me:

"'Well, Bill, says he, "what's the news aboard the Argonaut? How long have you been in?' and forty other questions he asked before I could answer a thing.

" ' Why, Phil,' says I, as soon as I found tongue, I thought you were overboard off the Horn.'

" ' Well," says he, ' I was; but I had a chance to ship in this ere craft, and finding that a hencoop in a heavy sea, wasn't the best sea boat that ever was, I come aboard of her. But I've most wished sometimes I'd stayed aboard the hen-coop, for you see this craft ain't exactly in a condition to keep a foremast hand comfortable; and then, I was captain, mates, and all hands on the hen-coop."

" Well, as soon as I'd answered his questions, we went over aboard the Argonaut. As soon as our chaps see him, they were scared eenamost out of their senses; but when they found it was Phil himself, and no ghost, a jollier set of fellows never was seen aboard one ship than the Argonaut's crew, for Phil had been a great favorite with all hands. It appeared that when he fell overboard, he was not much hurt, but as soon as he rose he struck out for a hen-coop, which he managed to get hold of. He hollered as loud as he could yell, but we could neither hear nor see him. He was washed off the hen-coop twice, but managed to get on to it again, and seeing a bit of rope hanging to it, made it fast round his waist. He floated about hi this way till he was almost dead, when the Sea Witch came along and picked him up.

" Well, we layed in California a little more than a month. The stevedore and his gang discharged our cargo, and we had nothing to do but go ashore and spend our time and money as we saw fit. The cook of our vessel, a Chinaman, on the passage out, ran away in California, and we shipped a big darkey in his place. He was, without any exception, the strongest man I ever saw aboard a ship. One day, on the passage to China, he caught a big shark, and hauled him in board as easy as if it had been a dolphin. Another time, when the men were Carrying a kedge anchor from the mainmast forward?—there was four of them hold of it, and they couldn't but just stagger along with it, a little ways at a time,—he come along and looked at it a minute. Then says he: 'Get away, and let dis n** hab a lift." The men stood back, and he took the anchor, and throwing it over his shoulder, carried it clear forward, and laid it down. 'Now,' says he, 'any time you want any anchors moved, don't strain yourselves liftin' 'em, but jes let dis n** know, and he will move 'em for you directly.

" When we left San Francisco, the Sea Witch was lying there, just as she

came in. They had not done the first thing towards repairing her, and in all probability, she could not be got ready for sea in less than a month. We made a good run to China, and was there about a month, taking in our cargo, and getting ready for sea. Phil Low didn't go in the ship to China. He said he wouldn't ship twice in a craft he couldn't go the whole voyage in.

" When we were four days out on the homeward bound passage, and right abreast of Hong Kong, we saw a large clipper ship standing out from the land. She soon came up on our weather quarter, and spoke us, and as true as I'm a sailor, 'twas that everlasting Sea Witch. We were all hands taken aback, for we had a very quick run to China, and when we left California she was lying there a wreck. Well, in spite of all we could do, she run away from us again, and we saw no more of her at present.

" When we got down to the Straits of Sunda, we stopped there to trade with the Malays for yams, sweet potatoes, etc., and to take in fresh water. While we were bartering with the natives, some of our. chaps bothered them, and they went off mad. Just before we got ready to sail, I, and three or four of our chaps, takes a boat and goes ashore after another cask of water. We hadn't got a great ways from the boat, when a whole posse of Malays run out of a clump of bushes, and pitched right in among us, and as we had no arms but our sheath-knives, we thought the best? course we could steer was to cut and run. The other chaps all got to the boat safe, but being in something of a hurry, I hit my foot against a big stone, and fell head foremost, and before I could gather myself up, the beggars were upon me. But I wasn't taken prisoner easily. I fought like a tiger, for I knew they wouldn't show me any mercy, if they didn't kill me on the spot. The way I flourished my old knife was a caution. Once I got clear from them, and got to the water's edge before they overtook me, but the boat was then some distance from the shore, and making for the ship. I should have plunged into the water, and tried my luck at swimming, but I am several ravenous-looking sharks waiting to receive me, if I did; so I was taken prisoner at last, and had the pleasure of seeing the ship put to sea without me.

" Well, the first thing the lubbers did was to strip me of ail my valuables—which consisted of a broken knife and an old tobacco box,—then run me

back a little ways into the bushes to a big log that lay there. They laid me flat on my back on the log, then lashed me fast, and went off and left me. I certainly hadn't any objections to their leaving, for I thought when they were tying me to the log, it was- all day with old Bill; but I wasn't at all pleased with the situation they left me in. Being lashed flat on one's back on a log, is not altogether the most enviable position a fellow can be placed in. I'd lain on deck many a time, watching the stars, but then I could get up when I got ready. But there I was tied so tight that I couldn't start neither tack nor sheet, and I was obliged to see stars, or close my top lights. I expected every minute the lubbers would come back, and either cut my windpipe, or knock me over the head with a cudgel; but such wasn't the case, for my cruise wasn't up yet. Well, I lay there till after dark, when it began to rain. This didn't make things any more comfortable for me. Being aboard a log, with one's face upwards, in a rain storm, ain't quite the thing, now I tell you. I should rather have been aboard a hen-coop off Cape Horn, for then I could have the satisfaction of knowing that if some craft didn't come along and pick me off, I should die a kind of a natural death, any how; but to be killed here by these bloody Malays was entirely agin my principles, and something I wouldn't put up with, without making an attempt to get away. I wriggled and twisted as much as I could, but instead of getting loose, I sprained my starboard wrist badly, so I give up trying for the present, and waited as patiently as I could under the circumstances, for morning. Morning came at last, and with it Malays enough to man a seventy-four gun-ship; but they only came and tried my lashings, and seeing they were all fast, cleared out again, all the while keeping up a bloody pow-wow, and making more noise than a whole ship's crew, singing, "Storm along, stormy," of a windy night.

" I thought it was mighty unkind in them not to bring me a little grub of some sort, for I hadn't had a mouthful of anything since I was pressed into their service, and somehow I got the idea into my head that they was going to leave me on the log to starve to death, for I hadn't a might better opinion of them than that. While I was calculating the chances of getting away, and considering which would be the most agreeable—to be starved to death, or roasted alive,---three or four of 'em come back and cast off my lashings, and stripped every rag of clothes off of me. But when I sees they were calculatin' to lash me to the log again, I concluded

I wouldn't submit, without making another attempt to get away; for, to tell the truth, my backjms getting a little lame. So I pitched into it. If it hadn't been for my sprained wrist I'd whipped the whole four of 'em, and got clear. But I soon found they were too much for me, for my starboard flipper was almost useless; so after a little persuasion in the form of blows, I give in, and was tied to the log again.'

" Well, says I to myself, after they had cleared out and left me alone, here we are again, all the way from Shanghai. I tried to persuade myself that it was all for the best I didn't get away from the tawny rascals, for if I had, I couldn't got off the island until some vessel come along, and it was no ways probable I could have cruised about that vicinity a great while, without being taken again.

" Well, I was there four days, without a mouthful to eat or drink. My wrist was swollen badly, and pained me dreadfully. On the fourth day, just at night, I heard some one talking good English, and saying something about me, too. I knew in a minute that some vessel had stopped there, and the crew were ashore. I yelled as loud as I could for my life, but the kind of food I'd lived on for the last few days had weakened my lungs, so I couldn't make noise enough for them to hear me, though they passed by, laughing and singing, within a few fathoms of me. They hadn't been gone more'n half an hour, when I hears an awful racket a little further up ashore, and I knew in a minute the sailors were having a row with the bloody natives. Pretty soon after the noise begun, two big Malays come running up to my log, and untied me, and took me farther back into the bushes; but we hadn't got but a little ways, when we met smack, right face to face, about thirty of as smart sailor chaps as ever used a marlin' spike. My Malay friends let go of me, and tried to run; but it want no use. A few gentle taps over the head with a hand spike, in the hands of one of the sailors, hove them to directly. The men all flocked round me and untied my arms, and there happened to be an old shipmate of mine among them. He knew me in a minute, and hailed me:

'"Well, there,' says he, 'may I never eat another mouthful of salt beef, if there ain't old Bill Bowers! I was talking about you not half an hour ago, and telling about our cruise in the Polar seas, in the old Columbian. But, Bill, what in the name of all that's salt, brought you here among the

bloody pirates? You hain't turned pirate yourself, have you?"

" Not exactly,' says I.

"As soon as I'd told my story, they took the two chaps that had me in tow when they come across me, and tied 'em both on the same log that I'd been aboard of, and gagged 'em. Then says I, ' If you've got a ship hereabouts, I'd like to go aboard of her; for to tell you the truth, boys, I'm eenamost used up. They took me and carried me to their boat—they wouldn't let me walk a step, and in a few minutes more, I was safe aboard the ship Messenger, of Boston. When I'd got some clothes on the outside, and a little gruel inside, I felt much more like a seaman than I did any time during my stop ashore.

" It was a week after I went aboard the Messenger before I could stand my watch, and when I did get round again, bad luck seemed to follow in my tracks, and everything went wrong about the ship. The skipper told me one day, he believed I was a regular Jonah. The Messenger was a noble craft in every respect. She could not sail as fast as the Argonaut, but she was a much better sea boat; and I didn't care much for extra speed, for I wasn't in any hurry to get back to the States."

" But didn't you hear nothing more from the Sea Witch, Bill?" broke in an old salt.

" That I did," resumed Bill, " and you shall have it all in good time. But I guess from the appearance of things, I shall have to belay this soon, for I believe the wind is hauling ahead."

The old sailor paused, and scanned the horizon away to windward. In a moment more, came the order for going about.

The other watch was called, and while they were preparing to obey orders, the braces were thrown from the pins, and strung along the deck, the mainsail was hauled up, and everything got in readiness for going about. In another minute the men were at their stations, and the order was given to put the helm hard-a-lee, and as the ship came up into the wind, her yards were braced round, the jib and stay sail sheets shifted

over, the mainsail set and the bowlines hauled out, and the old ship was soon standing off, close hauled, on the other tack. By the time the ropes were coiled up, it was eight bells—time for the starboard watch to go below. So old Bill had to belay, and make all fast till the next pleasant night, when he again resumed his yarn:

" Nothing happened worth relating on the passage to Calcutta. The captain found orders there to go to Shanghai for a part of his cargo. On the passage up, a most narrow escape happened on board the ship. We were tarring down, and a Spaniard, by the name of Antonio Martin, had gone up to tar the main-royal lifts and foot-rope, and while he was laying out on the yard-arm, his feet slipped off the foot-rope, and down he come, tar' bucket and all. Antonio fetched up on the main royal yard, but the bucket of tar kept on down to the deck, spattering the larboard clew of the mainsail all over. Just that minute the steward was going from the galley to the cabin, with the captain's dinner, when the bucket come, bottom side up, ride on to his head. His skull was so thick that no serious damage was done; but the captain's dinner got pretty well seasoned. Poor Antony was scared half to death, and well he might be, for if he'd fell to the deck, he'd never gone on to a royal yard again. It was almost a miracle that he didn't, but the ship was before the wind at the time, and the mala top-gallant yard happened to be braced in a little, and to this carelessness in trimming the sails, Antonio owed his life; for if the yard had been squared in with the rest of them, he just have fell to the deck. When the mate first see the main sail spattered with tar in that shape, he swore awfully; bat when he came to look at Tony, he couldn't help but laugh—for there the fellow stood, covered with tar, and swearing away in choice Spanish about the old diving bell, as he called the ship.

" While we were in the China Sea, we were struck by a typhoon, which carried away our flying jib-boom, the fore and main top-gallant masts, and the mizzen topmast. She was thrown on her beam ends, and the second mate, who was going along to windward, was thrown across the deck, and against a spare topmast that was lashed to leeward, with so much force that he was disabled for the rest of the voyage. The cabin boy had just come up out of the cabin, and he was pitched clean down the after hatchway, into the between decks, bruising him badly, and breaking his left arm.

"After this, things went on pretty smooth for a while, and we had fine weather until we were within a day's sail of Shanghai. Perhaps some of you chaps never cruised in these parts, so I'll describe the lay of the land a little. Shanghai lays on the Woosung River, about twenty miles from the sea, and right at the mouth of the river lays a little town, called Woosung. A few miles below the mouth of the river, there's a sort of cape running out into the sea. Well, this cape aint much of itself, but the shoals there stretch out quite a piece from the shore. We made this cape one morning, and calculated to come tq anchor in the river, at Woosung, that night, and the next morning lay up the river to Shanghai. But the old Messenger never went into that river. For two or three days there had been an English barque a little ahead of us, on our lee bow. The wind was pretty fresh on our starboard beam, and we could just keep to windward enough to double that cape, and stand clear of the shoals. But as we neared the cape, the barque stood up a little more to windward, and our skipper thought if he kept the ship off a little to leeward of her, we should get round and get into the river first, although we were then as near the shoals as we could safely go. Orders were given to the man at the wheel to keep her off a couple of points. The mate remonstrated with the captain, and told him he'd certainly have the ship on the rocks if he kept her on that course a great while; but the old man didn't . take any notice of what he said. The wind by this time had increased to a gale; but we didn't take in a stitch of canvass. The Englishman had taken in all his light sails, and was now taking a reef in his topsails; so we were ginning on him every minute.

" The captain stood on the quarter-deck dose to the man at the wheel. Once or twice the man, as a sense of the danger we were in came over him, luffed her up a little; but as soon as the captain saw it, he ordered him to keep her away, and stepping to the rail, took out an iron belaying pin, and held it over the man's head till we were within a few fathoms of the shoals, when he ordered the ship put about. But it was too late, she missed stays, and went stem foremost on to the rocks.

"The English barque got round safe, and came to anchor in the river that night; but there we were, fast on the rocks, almost in sight of port, and all for the captain's obstinacy in risking his ship, rather than be outsailed by

Johnny Bull, as he expressed it.

" When the ship first struck she stove a hole in h# bottom, and the water was fast coming into the hold. The sea was breaking over her, and the wind blowing a hurricane; so we knew that she must go to pieces before morning. There was no possibility of getting her off, as every sea that struck her drove her still further on the rocks; but we stayed aboard till a little after midnight, when we lowered the long boat. It was almost as dangerous to attempt to go ashore in her as it was to stay by the ship, but there was no alternative; so we all got into the boat, except old Davis, the carpenter, who said he'd rather take his chance with the ship than undertake to go in the boat. I took the helm, and by some good fortune that has always followed in my wake when I have been in great danger, I succeeded in getting her within a cable's length of the shore, when she struck on a point of rock that was under water, and tore half the bottom out. The next moment we were in the sea, without so much as a plank under us. The men were all good swimmers, but out of twenty-seven that were in the boat, only seven of us got ashore, and we were dreadfully cut and bruised. We had scarcely crawled back out of the reach of the waves, when the old ship went to pieces. The captain was among the missing, and we all thought it was about as well for him to be drowned, for the mate swore that if he came ashore alive, he'd murder him, and we didn't any of us feel much better towards him, for there we were, wrecked in a foreign country, and everything we had lost—besides so many men being drowned—all owing to his obstinacy.

We lay out on the coast till daylight, when we made the best of our way to Woosung. We found the English barque lying there, and her captain gave us a passage up to Shanghai. We got there at noon, and immediately presented ourselves at the American consul's office, to see if there were any vessels up for the States. We learned that there was a fine little barque, called the Huntress, lying there, that would clear for New York in a week; so we went right aboard of her, saw the skipper, and signed the articles forthwith. She had already shipped her officers, so the chief mate and myself shipped as common seamen. The skipper advanced us some money to get some sea clothes with; for we had no clothes or money, since the wreck.

"The greatest thing I see in China, was the way the Chinamen catch wild geese. The river at Shanghai is full of 'em most all seasons of the year. When the old Chinaman sees a flock of 'em light in the river, he goes up above 'em a little ways, and drops pumpkins in the river, and they float along down among the geese. It scares 'em a little at first, but they soon get used to seeing 'em, and don't mind it at all. Then the Chinaman takes a big pumpkin and scoops out the inside, and makes a little hole in the top for an air-hole, then puts it over his head, and wades out into the stream up to his neck; then he wades along slowly down towards the geese. They don't take any notice of him, for they can't see anything but the pumpkin. When he comes in reach of a goose, he reaches his hand up under and grabs him by the legs, and hauls him under water into a bag he has hung to his side; then goes to the next and serves him in'the same way, and so on till he gets his bag full. Then he wades a little farther down stream, so as not to scare the geese, before he comes out. He repeats this operation till he has either got the whole flock, or they fly away."

"Now, Bill," said one of the listeners, "if I was to believe this story, there'd be one great goose aboard this ship, I'm thinking."

" Upon my honor, shipmate," returned Bill, gravely, " it's as true now as ever 'twas.

" But I'm getting out of my latitude, so I'll steer-a little straighter, or you wont get the whole of the yarn this watch. I've lost my reckoning, but I was somewhere aboard the barque Huntress, bound from China to New York. The captain was as fine a fellow as ever walked the quarter-deck. The barque being in good trip, there wasn't much to do but to work the vessel, so he gave us watch and watch the whole passage, and a fine time we had. We were a hundred and two days out, and never lost a spar.

" One morning when we were running down the coast of Africa, and laying pretty close into the land, one of the boys who had been sent up to reeve the foreto gallant studding-sail halyards, come down to the deck in a great hurry, and reported a curious looking object on the lee bow. We ail brought our top-lights to bear in that direction, and we sees something

black coming out from the shore, and making for us. It was then about half a mile' off. Well, I runs and gets the harpoon, and bends a rope on to it, and stands in the bows, waiting for it to come up; for I was determined, whatever it was, that it shouldn't pass by without coming inboard and reporting itself, for, d'ye see, I'd a great curiosity-to know what it was, for in all my following the seas, I never see anything that swum top of water, and made so much fuss about it as that did.

" While I was waiting for it to come up, the captain came on deck, with his spy glass, and after taking a long look at the crittur, lowered his glass and began to laugh as hard as he could laugh, and says he, 'Bill, I guess you may as well unbend that rope, and put the harpoon back into the locker, for that black thing coming up there ain't no sea animal, but a regular live n**.' Then he sung out to lower away the quarter boat. Well, I takes another look at the animal, and just then I heard him holler, so I knew it must be some poor fellow that was overboard, but how he come there was more'n I could make out. I run and put the harpoon back in the locker, and goes aft to get into the boat, but when I'd got on to the quarter deck, they'd got her lowered, and was shoving off from the barque; but I was bound to go in the boat, so I gives a leap overboard, calculating to strike in the boat, but they was a little too far off, and I went splash into the water. As soon as I came up and began to blow the water out of my mouth, the old skipper, who was mightily tickled, sung out, 'There she blows! Hand me that harpoon.' I thought he'd burst himself laughing, but I said nothing, and struck out for the boat, but just as I was going to put my hand on her, the crew, thinking they would have a little fan at my expense, gives a long pull at the oars and shoves her out of my reach, and I'm blowed if they didn't make me stay there in the water, till after they'd got the darkey aboard.

" Well, when I got into the boat, and got a sight at the darkey, I hope never to go up rigging again, if it wasn't Frazier, the big cook that shipped on the Argonaut, at San Francesco. We couldn't get a word out of him, till w$ got aboard the barque, and he'd rested a spell; but soon as he got in shape for talking, I asked him where the Argonaut was. ' Dibil a bit does dis n** know about her! said he. ' Las' time I seed nofin of her, she lay at St. Helena.' He told me she put in there for water, and that he went ashore. He had a little more brandy aboard than was necessary to make

him feel good natured, when he met the captain as he was going back to the ship. The old man called him a black devil,' and told him to go aboard, about his business. On that the darkey knocked him down, and, says he, ' afore I lef ' him, I guess dis n** wasn't no blacker abbut the peepers than he was.'

"After that, Frazier didn't dare to go aboard, but kept out of sight until the ship sailed. He soon after shipped in an English man-of-war that was cruising on the coast of Africa, and staid in her till the night before we came along, when he slipped over the side and swam ashore. The night was dark, and nobody saw him from the ship. The next morning, the man-of-war wasn't in sight, but seeing our barque, and thinking she was an American, he swam out to her. 'And now' says he to the skipper, 'if you wants the services of dis n** aboard your barque till you gets o New York, you can have 'em, free gratis, for nothing; if not, I'll go ashore agin directly. And I'se much 'bleeged to you for lowerin' your boat, besides. Dis man can tell you whether I'se good for nothing or not/ pointing to me, 'he and I'se been shipmates.'

' Not very loving ones either, I guess/ said the skipper, 'by the way he made for the harpoon, when he see you a coming off.'

' How's dat V said the darkey, rolling his eyes round to me. They told him all about it, and ebony was so tickled, he lay down on deck and rolled.

' Well, dere' says he, 'dat's de fust time in his life dis n** ever had so much notice took of him." I testified to his good qualities, and the skipper told him he could stay aboard the barque, but he'd have to go before the mast, for he'd got one cook already.

" After Frazier come aboard our vessel, nothing of any account happened till we got within a few days' sail of New York, though we had a great deal of fun; for I lost no opportunity of playing a trick on the fellows that kept me in the water so long, off the coast of Africa. One night, I managed to tie the whole lot of 'em down to their bunks, so that when the watch was called, not a man of 'em could get up, till some one had castoff their lashings. 1 knew nothing about it, of course, but I knew they mistrusted me, so I hauled in a little, till one day, just before we got into port, we was

painting the barque, and it happened that some of the fellows that I owed the grudge against, was sent over in a boat to paint the outside. They didn't take any oars into the boat, but the painter was made fast to a belaying pin aboard the barque, and when they'd painted as far as they could reach, some one would cast it off and haul 'em along a little. As soon as I saw they hadn't got any oars in the boat, I thought it would be a fine chance to play a trick on 'em. I was painting on the bulwark inboard, and when they got abreast of me, and nobody was looking, I. draws out my old knife, and cuts 'em adrift, then put it back into its sheath, and kept on painting. It wasn't but a minute before some one in the boat sung out,

' Aboard the barque, there, ahoy! throw us over a couple of oars, for we've got adrift.' All hands ran to the rail and looked over, and there the boat was loose and drifting away from the barque. The second mate got a couple of oars, and the first one he threw didn't go anywhere in the same latitude with them, so he threw the next one with all his might, and when it struck, it came endways, and I'm beggared if it didn't go clean through the bottom of the boat, making a hole bigger than a man's hat. This was something I hadn't bargained for when I cut 'em adrift; but I wasn't altogether sorry, for before another boat could be lowered, the boat sunk, and left 'em all kicking about in the water, and that was just what I wanted. I was one of the first to help lower another boat to pick 'em up, but somehow or other, the tackles was afoul, and the more I tried to get 'em clear, the more they was snarled up, so before we got the boat lowered, the chaps had all had a pretty good soaking, and I concluded T was about even with 'em. So after this, I let 'em rest. They all knew well enough who set 'em adrift, but they never liked to say anything about it, and the captain didn't know but what 'twas all an accident. But he told me, after we got into New York, that he guessed I had a finger in the pie, for he noticed I looked mightily pleased all the time they was in the water.

" The day after this adventure, the same Sea Witch that had spoken the Argonaut, when I was in her, came up on our weather quarter, and hailed us. She was homeward bound from Liverpool. It was my watch below, when she spoke us, but I came on deck to see what ship it was, and as she came along up, on our starboard side, who should I see, walking her deck, but the captain of the Messenger, who we supposed was drowned in the China Sea. There he was, walking the deck, with a cigar in his

mouth, as important as if the lives of nineteen men, and a good ship, hadn't been lost for his carelessness.

Whatever became of him, after he got into New York, I don't know, but I afterwards found out, by inquiring aboard the Sea Witch, that just before she sailed from Liverpool, he had come there in a vessel from China. It seems that he got ashore safe, when we were wrecked, but kept out of our sight, and finally made his way to Liverpool, where he shipped in the Sea Witch for New York. —

" One day, after we sailed for California in the Argonaut, I put some dirty shirts on to a tow line and hove 'em overboard, and let 'em tow awhile. When I hauled 'em in, I happened to think that I left my bosom pin in one of the shirts, and it had washed out. I felt bad to lose it, for it was a present from a friend that I thought a great deal of. A few days after we got into New York, when I went ashore for the first time, as I was going along up the wharf, I stopped to look at a big merchantman that lay a little further up at the same dock. As I stood looking at her, and admiring her build, who should step over her gangway, on to the wharf, but Phil Low. The minute I set my eye on him, I saw that bosom pin. I thought by the build of it, it must be mine, so I asked him where he found so much brass. Which do you mean,' says he, 'the brass in my face, or in this ere bosom pin.' In the pin, of course,' says I. I know how you come by the brass in your face.' 'Well,' says he, 'in the passage home from Shanghai, just after we got through the 'Gulf Stream, we hooked a big shark, and hauled him inboard, and come to cut him up, I found this pin nicely stowed away in his locker. After a little rubbing up, it looked as well as new, so I brought it along.' He handed it to me to look at, and on the back of it I saw the first letters of the person's name that gave it to me. Then I knew certain it was mine. ' Young man,' says I, 'privateering ain't my business, but I shall be obliged to take that pin off your hands.' So he gave it up, and I've got it now !

" A few days after this, Phil sailed in the Atalanta, for Valparaiso, and I hain't heard of him since. As for my colored friend, I met him, shortly after, swelling dowip Broadway, with a flashy suit of shore clothes on. He told me he had got a situation as waiter, in one of the first class hotels, and was a gentleman now. And,' says he, ' I shan't go to sea any more,

for they doesn't show respect enough to colored individuals.'

" As for the Argonaut, nothing was ever seen of her after she left St. Helena, and it is probable that she went down and all hands were lost. So it proved well for me, after all, that she left me at the straits, and after that, I've always thought that everything that happens is for the best, though I'm beggared if it always seems so at the time."

" Now, shipmates, you've heard my story, and if you hain't been interested, 'taint my fault, for I told you, before I begun, that I wasn't going to spin a yarn made up for the occasion, but I've given you a few scraps from my log book, as nigh as I can remember."

August 1855.

THE SILENT MATE.

From the LOG-BOOK Of AN OLD SHIP-MASTER.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

Some years ago I had command of a ship engaged in the East India trade. My first officer, or mate, was named Luke Marshall. He had shipped with me at Liverpool to run to Calcutta, but on the passage out my mate died, and having found Marshall a most excellent seaman, both theoretically and practically, I gave him the office. He readily accepted it, but I could plainly see that he did it more from a desire to please me, than because he aspired to the post. I was not deceived in his capability, for he soon proved himself the most efficient officer I ever had. He altered the ship's sailing gear, and made more speed by one sixth, certainly, than I had ever done. He was punctual to a minute in his reckoning—could tell to a certainty what time he should make. When we were near our destination, he came to me one evening and told me that if the wind held fair we should see Edmonstone's Island at half past fix on

the following morning; and at twenty-eight minutes past six in the morning, the lookout reported land two points on the starboard bow.

Marshall was one of the most civil and gentlemanly men I ever saw, and his manners showed that he had been well educated, both mentally and socially. Yet there was one thing that troubled me not a little—or rather I should say, it puzzled me—though I must confess I did allow myself at times to feel somewhat troubled. My mate was the most silent man, for one who commanded the free use of language, that I ever met with. He scarcely ever spoke, save on matters pertaining to his duty, and then only in as few words as possible. I often tried to draw him into conversation, but without avail. I tried to learn something of his former history, but could not. I knew he was an American, and that was all.

One evening after we had entered the Hoogly, and while our ship lay at Diamond Point, I was sitting in my cabin and Marshall was alone with me. I pushed the wine bottle over to him, and asked him if he would not take a drop. I had never seen him take wine at any time, but he had often refused. He took the bottle and poured some of the wine out into a glass, and then he held the glass up between his eye and the lamp. His face turned pale as death, and his lips were tightly compressed. The glass fell from his hand upon the floor, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

"Mr. Marshall, are you not well?" I uttered, starting up and laying my hand upon his arm.

"Very well," he returned, laying my hand off, and looking up with a faint smile. "You will excuse me, captain, 'twas an accident."

"That's nothing," said I, alluding to the glass, "take another—here."

"No, no," he quickly uttered, putting the glass away. "I do not drink wine, sir."

"You have signed a tetotal pledge, perhaps," said I, carelessly.

"Signed a tetotal pledge?" he repeated, in a tone so strange that it fairly mode me start. "No sir, I have not."

"Then why not take a glass of wine on such a night as this?"

Marshall looked at me as though he would look me through. There was a strange spark in his eye, and I could see that his cheeks grew pale again. His hand trembled, end he placed it in his lap out of my sight. At length he spoke, and his voice was very low and deep.

"Captain," said he, "in, that wine there lurks a demon as deadly as the twin brothers of Night. You may escape him and yet embrace. I will not drink it."

"But you have—"

"Stop!" he whispered, cutting me short, and raising his finger. "Never finish that sentence in my presence, nor allude to the subject again."

And with that he broke off upon another topic, and began to lay out the business of the morrow. "The lighters will come down from the city early in the morning," he said, "and as I mast be up to attend to them, I will retire now."

I fairly ached to question my mate farther on his strange conduct, but his look forbade me. He threw off bis outer garments and retired to his state-room, and I was left alone with my wine. I looked at the bottle, and then I looked at the fragments of glass upon the floor—and I wondered what it was that dwelt upon my mate's mind, for well I knew there was something. When I arose to go on deck and set the watch, I hoped that some day Marshall might let me into his secret, for I had become deeply interested in him. I had learned to lore him for his gentleness and mildness, and I hoped to know more of him. It may have been a faint hope, but yet I cherished it.

Our business was all transacted at Calcutta, and I had partly made arrangements for a full cargo of hides, when I received an overland despatch from my owners to proceed at once to Hong Kong and take in a cargo which an agent would have ready there. So to Hong Kong we . went.

One day after we had taken part of our cargo on board, and were waiting for more, to come from the English factories at Canton, an old man came off to the ship with a letter from the English agent. I read the few lines, and they simply asked that I would take the bearer to England. My mate was not on board, or I should have consulted him; but the old man was very respectable in his appearance, and I at once told him that he should go with me. There were three spare state-rooms, and I immediately gave him one of them. He had his luggage brought up from the boat and placed in his room. He was certainly seventy years of age, and his hair was white as snow. I conversed with him a long while, and I found him one of the most intelligent men with whom I ever met. At about nine o'clock in the evening, he seemed fatigued, and expressed his desire to retire. So I showed him to his state-room, and bade him good night. These state-rooms were smell apartments leading out from the cabin, and only large enough for a good sized single bank and a wash-stand, and with spare room enough to dress and lounge. It was a warm, sultry evening, and I left the old man's door partly open at his request. Hi s name, as given in the letter, and marked upon his trunks, was Joshua Foster.

At ten o'clock my mate came off. I met him on deck, and by the light of the gangway lantern, I could see that he was pale and agitated. He answered me only in monosyllables, and with a quick, uneven step, he went below. After be had gone down I went about the ship and gave directions for keeping an "anchor-watch," and having posted a sentinel, I turned towards the cabin. On my way I passed along the larboard side of the deck, and as I reached the grated sky light which was built up over the cabin, I stopped. What induced me so to do I cannot tell, but I stopped and looked down, and I saw Marshall sitting at the table pouring wine oat into a glass. This surprised me, but the next movement surprised me more. He filled the glass about half full, and then he took a small phial from his pocket, and having removed the stopper, he poured its contents into the wise. I could see his face, and it was pale as death. A fearful suspicion flashed across my mind, and quick as thought I darted down into the cabin. My mate was just raising the glass to his lips. With one movement I sprang forward and dashed the glass from his hands, and as it was shivered in pieces upon the floor, he sprang to his feet. He

caught me fiercely by the arm, but when he met my keen, steady eye, he dropped his hand and sank back into his chair.

"What do you mean?" I sternly asked.

Marshall bowed his head and made no reply. I saw the phial upon the table, and I took it up and placed it to my nose, and there came op from it the strong, pungent Odor of prussic acid! I sat down and gazed Marshall in the face. I laid my hand gently upon his arm, and drew him down by my side, and with as much kindness of tone as I could command, I said—

"Luke Marshall, I am your friend. I love you as I never loved a man out of my kin before. Now tell me what this means?"

"No, no, captain," he replied. "I wish you wouldn't ask me. I must die. I cannot lire longer. If you can find some competent man to take my place, do so, for my services for man are at an end. Yon have stayed my hand, now, but you cannot again. A pistol, or my razor will do for me."

I moved nearer to my mate and placed my arm about his neck.

"Tell me," I urged, " what this means? Confide in me, and I promise that I will never betray you."

Marshall seemed much moved by my manner, for he trembled, and the fears came to his eyes. At length he said in a subdued tone:

"You have been kind to me, and I have a mind to tell you the story of my life. You will never speak it to another, and never—"

"What?' said I, as he hesitated.

"Never lay your bands upon me again, let me be doing what I may."

"In that I must be governed by my own judgment," I replied. "But tell me your story, and then I can the better judge."

A few moments my mate bowed his head in silence. When be looked up there was a strange shade of melancholy upon his features, and his eyes were moist.

"It will be a short story," he said, "a very short one." And after a moment's thought he resumed: "I was born in the city of New York. My father was a very wealthy merchant, and of coarse I was reared in the lap of luxury. I never expressed a want that was not complied with, and both my parents did their utmost to please and make me happy. My father was a man of a quick, passionate temper, and I had a temper as fiery as his own."

"You had a fiery temper? I queried, dubiously. "Why, you are the mildest man I ever sstw."

Marshall smiled faintly, and with a shake of the head, he continued:

"I did have a bad temper. But let that pass now. My father indulged freely at the wine cup, and it is no wonder that I followed his example. I first learned to love the wine, and then I came to love the excitement which it produced. I saw no danger, for all my friends were in the same habit. When I was yet a mere lad, my father sent me as supercargo in one of his ships. It was at my own urgent request, and I learned to love the roving, free life of the ocean. But when I reached the age of eighteen, I was sent to college. I remained there one year, and then I was expelled for intemperance."

My mate stopped here and bowed his head upon his hands, and I could sec the tears trickling down between his fingers.

"O," he resumed, in a tremulous voice, "what a fool I was. I returned to my home, and my father upbraided me for my conduct. High words, Arose between us, but my mother came in and quieted the storm. After this, I remained at home for some time. At length I became acquainted with a girl whom I thought virtuous, and well connected, and I made proposals of marriage to her. She, it seems, gave publicity to the fact, and it came to my mother's ears. She made inquiries about the girl, and she ascertained that her character was not good. Had she told me this in her own kind way, I should never have seen the girl again, for all my

plans were just and honorable, and I was deceived in the character, of the one I thought I loved. But my mother told my father, and he was to speak with me.

"One evening I came home—it was near midnight—and I had been indulging freely in wine, and my father had been doing the same. lie had been out to a club-meeting, and his face was flushed and his step unsteady. That was the first and only time 1 had ever seen him so much influenced by wine. When I entered the sitting room he asked me where I had been, and I told him to the theatre. He next asked me whom I carried, and I told him. It was the young lady of whom I have last spoken. He then told me that I must see the girl no more. I resented the command, and thereupon he threatened to turn me out of doors if I disobeyed him. He then cast upon the girl in question the most opprobrious epithets, and I was stung to the quick. I answered him hastily, and he threatened me. I did not stop to consider that he was under the influence of wine, for I was too far in its viwer myself for that. I accused him of trampling upon me—and he taunted me with bringing shame upon his household. This maddened me, and I spoke very quickly and thoughtlessly. What I said was severe, and upon my father it struck like a shaft of lightning, and he struck me with his cane. As I received that blow, my blood boiled like molten lava. I was blind— crazy. My father lifted his cane again, and I seized a chair that stood near me. I lifted it with both my hands, and with all my maniac might I hurled it upon his head. He sank upon the carpet like a rag. In an instant I was sober. I kneeled down over that prostrate form, but there was no motion—no breath. Presently there came a convulsive movement of the muscles, but it quickly passed away, and then he was motionless as the chair that lay broken by his side. I spoke to him. but he did not answer. I lifted him to a sofa, and chafed his temples, but net a sign of life could I discover. I knew that I had killed my father, and I sank down upon my knees at his side, and wept and prayed.

"Soon I was aroused by a step behind me, and on looking up I saw my mother. She asked what was the matter, but I could not answer. She stooped over the motionless body of her husband, and I remember that the word 'dead' broke from her lips, and then she sank fainting upon the couch. I started up and gazed about me. Once more I felt of my father's

pulse, but it did not move. His eyes were half open, and they were glassy and dim. With one low cry I started bask and seized my hat. I was a murderer I the murderer of my own father! A dim spectre arose before me—a gallows in shape I and I fled from the house. I made my way to Philadelphia, and from thence to Charleston, and there I took passage for England. I have not seen my native land since. While in Philadelphia I took up a morning paper from New York, and there I read that my father had died of apoplexy. My mother hid my crime!"

Marshall stopped and bowed his head again. He did not shed tears now, but his eyes were set and glaring.

"Ha!" he uttered, starting suddenly. "Have we had a listener?"

"I forgot," was my reply, as I recollected the passenger I had taken, and at the same time cast my eyes towards the door of the state-room where I had placed him. "I have had a passenger come on board."

"'You ought to have told me," said Marshall, trembling with fear.

But before I could make any further reply, the door of the state-room was pushed farther open, and the white-haired old man came forth. He gazed first upon me, and then upon my mate, and then, with a low, wild murmur, he tottered towards the table. He sank down upon his knees, and laid his head in my mate's lap.

"Luke! Luke! my son—O my son!" be murmured, as he reached up his trembling hands and caught the mate about the neck.

Luke Marshall as I had known him, started to his feet and held the old man off at arm's length.

"What are you?" he gasped, glaring wildly at him.

"I am Joshua Foster—I am your father! O Luke, my boy, my noble, wronged boy, forgive me—O forgive me! I know I abased you—I know I made yon mad. But forget it all now. I am your father. I did not die—you did not kill me, but I lived and recovered. I have sought the whole earth

over after you. I have been all up and down the world. O, you know me."

A few moments my mate held that old man off and gazed into his face, and then, with a sharp cry, he sank back insensible.

During all that night Luke raved like a madman, but on the next day ho came to his senses, and a severe fever set in. He called for his father when he came to, and I saw the old man bend over him and kiss him and weep—and I saw the young man wind his arms about that aged form and very like a child.

And so my mate's real name was Luke Foster, and I heard the old man tell, while he sat by his son's side, how he had recovered from the effects of the blow he had received. Two whole days after Luke fled did he lay insensible, and the servants reported that he was dead. When he recovered, he told his wife the whole story, and having left his business in competent hands he set out to search for his son. He traced him to Liverpool, and there he lost him. Eight long years had he been on the search—sometimes going home to comfort his wife, and then setting oat again upon his mission. His wife still lived, and she waited for the return of her son.

At length my mate recovered, and his father accompanied as to Liverpool. I often saw them weep together, but it was only the memory of the past that called up their tears. I was sorry to lose my mate, but I knew that others bad i prior claim upon him, and I gave him up.

Some years afterwards I was in New York, whither I had gone with a cargo of manufactured iron. I easily found the residence of Joshua Foster, and there I found my old mate as nappy as man can well be on earth. His father still lived, hale and hearty, and his mother was i pattern of maternal love and generous hospitality. Luke was married, too, and had two children.

My visit was one of the most pleasant and joyous seasons that have ever blessed my long life, and when I came away they hang upon me as though I was the author of all their Joy. And perhaps I was, for I could remember the time when I struck aside the shaft of death from my silent

mate, and but for that simple movement on my part, this happiness could never have been.

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

By CHARLES CASTLETON.

I had command of the old "Evershot," a good ship, and one which had put much money into the hands of her owners. She was built for the India trade, and with the exception of one voyage to Smyrna, she had stuck to the purpose for which she was put together. On the present occasion, I was bound for India, and my cargo was made up of a curious variety. I had for passengers, an old gentleman, whose head was white, and his form bent with years, and his three sons, the youngest of whom was about five-and-thirty, and the oldest not far from fifty. Then there were several women, and some half dozen children.

We had doubled the southern capes of Africa, and were just poking our nose into the Indian Ocean, when a circumstance transpired which was destined to try our nerves somewhat. One afternoon, one of the men in the foretop. reported a sail very near ahead in the line of our course.

" Some homeward bound Indiaman, probably," remarked Mr. Lee, my mate.

I nodded assent, and then went to the cabin and told my passengers that if they had any letters to send home, they had better have them ready, for perhaps we were about to meet a ship bound to Old England. They went to work upon my suggestion at once, and in the course t>f half an hour we had a letter-bag neatly sewed up and directed.

The wind was now a little south of east, so that we stood upon our course northeast with freedom, and the coming ship was heading very nearly upon us, though as we came nearer she kept away a little further to the westward.

" Is it an English ship? asked my white- haired old passenger.

" I think it is," was my reply; and just as I spoke, my second mate came down from the foretop, where he had been with a glass. I noticed that his face looked troubled, and also that he kept back some remark which he was upon the point of dropping, at the same time regarding the old passenger with a look which seemed to indicate that he was in the way. I took the hint, and carelessly walked forward. Mr. Becket, the-mate in question, followed me. At the gangway I stopped.

" What is it? I asked, now turning and looking into his face.

" Why sir, that ship is the old Dorset ."

"The Dorset?" I replied. "Impossible."

" But I am sure," persisted Becket. " There's not another ship in England with such a figurehead. Those two girls aren't to be mistaken."

" But are you sure she has that figure head?

" Certainly. You'll be able to see it from here in a few moments."

" But," said I, " the Dorset has not yet had time to reach Sydney, let alone getting back as far as this."

" Of course not," answered Becket, with a keen glance about him; " but don't you think a ship could run away without doing the errand she had in hand?"

" Eh?" That's all I uttered at the moment, for a strange thought was beginning to work its way to my mind.

" You remember what sort of a cargo the Dorset had, don't you?" my mate remarked.

Of course I remembered, for I met the captain of the Dorset the day before she sailed, and had a quiet dinner with him at Cowley's. He was an old friend of mine, and named Bumstead —Harry Bumstead—And as good a sailor as ever trod a deck at sea. Now the facts, as they came crowding rather unpleasantly upon my mind, were these: The Dorset sailed just two weeks before I did, and took out twenty-three convicts who had been sentenced to transportation. These, of course, he was to drop at Sydney, or Port Jackson, and as he bad part of a cargo for that place, he was to go there first. So I knew that the Dorset had no business to be running away from the Indian Ocean now.

"What do you think about it?" asked Beck- et, who had been watching me.

"Let me take the glass!' said I, without seeming to notice this question.

He handed me the glass, and I at once leaped upon the horse-block and set the focus. The coming ship was now so near that her hull was nearly all up, and my first look was upon the figure head. There could be no mistake now. I could distinctly see the two female forms clasping each other by the hands, which I knew to be the adorning feature of the Dorset's cut water.

" Mr. Becket," I said, .after I had satisfied myself upon this point, " that is the Dorset, and no mistake."

" Yes,—but what do you make of it?"

" What do you make of it?" I asked.

He pondered a few moments, and then said:

" I think the convicts have taken the ship!"

" So do I," was my rejoinder.

As I thus spoke, I walked aft to where my first mate stood by the wheel, and drawing him on one side, I told him my fears. He leaped upon the rail and

gazed off upon our neighbor, and when he reached the deck again, he was of my opinion.

"It must be so," he said. "What shall we do?"

That was the question. What should we do? The ship had now come to within half a mile, and all doubts respecting her identity were at an end. I now knew that she was the Dorset, and of course felt confident' that the convicts must by some means have gained possession.

"She didn't have the best crew that ever was," remarked Lee, nervously. "I knew some of her men, and they were as precious a set of scamps as ever breathed."

This made the matter worse still. Of my whole crew, I could muster but thirty men, counting the three able passengers, having set five men on shore at St. Helena sick with fever, and being unable at the time to make their places good. On board the Dorset, of course, there would be the three-and-twenty convicts, and, in all probability, a good part of the crew —perhaps forty men in all. What should we do? To let the ship pass on under such circumstances seemed hardly the thing for an Englishman, and to engage with such a renegade crew seemed sheer madness. I asked my officers what they thought—and they thought just as I did. I explained the matter to my three passengers, and they said they would help if they could be assured there would be Any use.

But during all this time the ship in question had been nearing us, we haring steered so as to speak her, and now she was not more than two cables' length distant upon our lee bow.

" Ship ahoy!" I shouted, through my trumpet.

" Hallo!" came from the other ship.

" What ship is that?"

"The Ben Franklin ," answered the same voice, the owner of which wore a Scotch cap and red shirt.

" Where are you bound?"

" To New York."

" Belong there?"

"Yes."

At this moment she had ranged ahead far enough so that I could see she had the American flag at her peak, which had been before hidden by her canvass. There were certainly forty men leaning over her rail, and I knew at once that we could not openly overcome them. At that moment, had my ship been near enough, I could have jumped on board and engaged with those men single handed. What had become of poor Harry Bumstead, thought I, and the few men who might have remained faithful to him!

While these thoughts, and a thousand others, were wildly rushing through my mind, the Dorset passed on. I knew it was my old friend, for all the lies they had told in answer to my questions. I had no thought or conjectures on the subject; but that that ship was the Dorset, I knew just as well as I should have known my own brother. As the ship passed on, I saw a face at one of the quarter windows. I seized the glass and levelled it. It was the face of Harry Bumstead, as sure as fate! And he waved a handkerchief towards me with the # most frantic gesticulations.

The sense of pain was just sinking into my whole soul, when an idea flashed across my mind that caused me to fairly leap from my feet. All was now hope and bustle in my brain, and as soon as possible I got my wits into working order.

" Put the ship upon her course again," I ordered.

" We can do nothing?" said Becket, interrogatively.

" Wait," said I in return. " It isn't too late yet."

" But—"

" Stop. Wait until I have shaped out a plan, and then you shall know it."

It was now quite late, for just as poor Harry Bumstead waved his handkerchief at me the last time, the sun was sinking into the western waters. I watched the Dorset until distance and gloom combined to hide her from me, and I knew that she was bound for the 'Atlantic. I saw her take in her lofty sails in preparation for 'the night, and I felt, my hope increase. The last I could see, she was steering southwest.

As soon as it was dark, I had the helm up, and ordered the ship to be worn around upon the other tack, and as soon as this was done, I set the course due south, and crowded on all sail. The officers and men gathered round me and wished to know what all this meant.

" It means," answered I, " that I will have those villains in irons again, if I can."

" But how?" came from half a dozen.

" I'll tell you Our ship is by all odds the best sailer, even with equal sail set; but now that the Dorset has only top gallant sails over double- reefed topsails, we can shoot ahead fast. By midnight, I calculate to be farther south than she will be, so I'll keep on this course until I am sure, and then I'll run to the westward and lie in waiting for her." '

" And what then?

" I can tell you better when the time comes. But be not afraid, for I wont run into danger."

The breeze held fair, and we carried our royals and -studding-sails below and aloft. At midnight, I knew we must be considerably farther south than the Dorset, but instead of running directly west, I changed the course to west-south- west, knowing that thus we should come upon the other's track soon Sough. ' At three o'clock I made a careful reckoning of our log for the last nine hours, and also of the point the Dorset must strike, if she kept her course southwest, and I felt sure that we were just where we should be.

My first move was to heave to and take in sail; and then I sent the top gallant masts on deck and housed the topmasts. Next, I had all our arms brought upon deck, and I found we had more than enough for a brace of pistols and a cutlass to each man. After this I had the pumps rigged, and hardly had this been accomplished before the lookout reported a sail. I hastened forward, and could plainly see the outlines of the top-hamper of a heavy ship looming 'up darkly against the sky. I had the lanterns hoisted, and then set the men at work at the pumps. Ere long, the ship came near enough to hail. She put down her helm, and laid her course lo run under our stem.

"Ship ahoy!" came from the Dorset—for I could make out the drapery of the figure head.

I made my mate answer at my suggestion, for fear the villains should recognize my voice.

"Hallo! send a boat on board!" yelled Lee, just as the Dorset passed under our stem. " We've sprang a leak, and our ship is sinking."

" What have ye got aboard?

"Furniture and provisions, and forty thousand pounds in money.

The Dorset hove to, and lowered a boat, which was soon alongside full of men. The villains quickly began to come over the side.

" Haven't settled much yet," one of them remarked, as he noticed how high we stood.

" We've-kept the pumps going well," I said.

" Where's your gold? Let's have that first."

" This way," said I, moving to the poop.

When half way there, I motioned for the men to stop pumping.

" Down!" I uttered, and as I spoke, I gave the man nearest me a blow with my cutlass across the head that knocked him down. Only fifteen of the men had come from the other ship, and as my crew were prepared, these fifteen were down and gagged almost before they could realize that anything was out of the way. They were unprepared, and nearly all of them were unarmed.

" Ship ahoy!" I cried, through my trumpet, speaking as gravely as possible, to imitate the voice of the fellow I had knocked down.

" Hallo!" came in reply.

" Send another boat. We can't bring half. Send quickly, for the old thing is sinking."

The Dorset soon lowered one of her quarter- boats, and came alongside, with ten men in k. They came hurrying over the side, and as soon as they were all in the gangway, we fell upon them—not wildly, but with regular system—and in a short time they were secure.

My course was now simple. I first saw every man so firmly bound that he could not even move, and then I called twenty-four men into the two boats, still alongside', leaving only six men on board of my ship. We pulled for the Dorset as smartly as possible. When we came to her gangway, I saw several heads peering over the rail, bat we had taken the precaution to put on the

Scotch caps of the convicts, and they had-no suspicions. Becket was the first on her deck, and I followed next.

" Got the money?' asked a coarse fellow.

" Most of it is in the boats now!" I replied. " Big a whip, and we'll have it aboard."

The villain had not noticed my weapons. I recognized in him at once the boatswain of the ship, a man who had been hired at Liverpool, and whose character was not among the best. As he turned to order the whip rigged, I saw that my men were all on board, and drawing my weapon, I sprang upon him and cut him down. At the first onset on board my own ship, I had been careful not to kill any one, for fear I might be mistaken; but I was not doubtful now, for some of the prisoners had confessed the crime. There were seventeen men aft on board the ship for me to capture, and we captured them without losing one of our own men, and only killing four of them. As soon as our prisoners were safe, I made my way to the cabin, and in one of the quarter galleries I found Capt. Bumstead.

In the hold of the Dorset we found fifteen of the crew in irons. Bumstead explained to me, in a few words, what had happened. Only five days before, the boatswain, who had shown much insubordination during the voyage, headed nineteen of the crew, who had joined him, and having set the convicts free, they fell upon the rest of the crew at night, and made an easy victory. The first and second mates they had killed, and the boatswain would have killed all hands, but the rest of the mutineers refused to have it done. So it had been arranged that the captain and his friends should be confined, and set on short on the first out of the way island they could find.

It was soon arranged that Bumstead should proceed to Sydney with his fifteen faithful men, feeling sure that the convicts could be so confined as to be safe.. So I saw his prisoners faithfully ironed, and then took the mutineers on board my own ship, intending to carry them to Calcutta. There were fifteen in number, four only having been killed in the conflict.

That night the Dorset tacked and stood away for Australia, while we kept on up the ocean. We arrived safely at Calcutta, and before I left, Capt. Bumstead arrived, and the mutineers soon after paid for their crime with their lives.